



Daughter of Murder



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Chapter 1 by Cora Aquila

Daddy was always good to her.

He was indeed an attentive father. He was her best friend. He took her camping. He watched her ballet recitals. They stayed up late playing video games. He helped with her homework. He tucked her in every night.

Kate was sure her Daddy was the best person in the whole world.

She might have been less sure if she knew his one tiny character flaw.

He was a bit of a serial killer.

Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



I suppose it would be easy to judge him for that little fact, but as a loving & devoted daughter I have always considered him as the victim within this.

To begin with my father has worked hard for many years doing 9 till 5, and worst of all it's been as an tax accountant. This alone should garner him some sympathy, as these are the people that don't get put on the public's Christmas card list.

My father's way of escaping was always with me. As I said he was my best friend, but as all parents can testify when their children grow up, their social circles change & new friendships begin. This was so with my father, and so as the early years passed by my father needed

something else to occupy himself with.

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How it all started is a little hard for me, because I only realized it after his 5th victim, and when I finish explaining about it, you'll see that he is a good man, and indeed a good public servant too to the community as a whole!

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Chapter 3 by intellikat



And when I say "a bit" of a serial killer, I say it with no tongue in cheek.

There are certainly those serial killers who are addicted, insane, out of control. To kill 17 people... to store their body parts in coolers and eat them on the weekends... to dismember or mutilate bodies of victims and to display them for investigators to witness in crime scenes... these people are truly horrible and sickening, and I in no way condone their actions! But to simply end the misery and suffering of less than ten individuals as well as those who those ten also inflicted pain upon... well, isn't this in some way a service done to the world as a whole? A burden lifted that others would not have had the courage to do themselves?

The handful of individuals my father did kill were all hipsters, and this should almost be enough to exonerate him from his crimes were it part of his defence in court.

Let me explain how it all began.

Chapter 4 by Dana Busby



My Dad was big into the 1990's Grunge scene. A prevalent creative figure of the Pacific northwest, he was responsible for a lot of the music writing and business connections of the time. He was also completely obsessed with culture and art of the time and place. Fast forward to present day, and he is a different person in a lot of respects. Most notably, he is desperate to return Seattle and Portland to their glory days. He deeply resents this new generation of posers, and if he had it his way, he would probably exterminate the lot of them.

I said that the killing of hipsters should "almost exonerate" him because I am not far-gone enough to think that he would actually be let off if he were caught. I don't approve of the murders, but I'm not going to turn him in. He's my DAD! So I'm trying to help him, to remediate him, and he does not know that I am doing this or that I know his secret.

I turned 16 recently, and I have my own car. I use this privilege to follow my Dad everywhere. So

far I haven't got him trailing victims. I actually don't really know how his process goes. So far I haven't seen him do anything out

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My most recent day of fol

8:00 am I left the house for work at the recording studio.

12:00 pm Left the recording studio for lunch at a very non-hipster organic grocery store.

12:300 pm Walked to the no-kill animal shelter for his daily half hour of volunteering.

1:00 pm Returned to work at the recording studio.

5:00 pm Left work and picked up dinner for us at the organic grocery. -A frozen lasagna.

5:30 pm We meet up at the house. He was out of my sight for 30 minutes, but I don't think he could have killed anyone in that time.

"So, Dad, how was your day?" I asked, hoping my voice didn't sound totally fake.

"Fine, kiddo. How was your day? Enjoying summer?"

"Oh, yeah, it's great," I replied.

"So, Kate, I have been meaning to mention that your aunt Helen wants you to visit for the whole month of July. Doesn't that sound like fun?" Dad sounded super enthusiastic, although he has never suggested that I go anywhere for an entire month before.

"Um, a whole month?" I stalled.

"Yeah! Maybe even longer, until school starts!"

I was stunned. How was I going to get out of this? Going to visit aunt Helen for a month in New York City would actually be completely amazing. I go often over holiday breaks, but never for more than a week. My visits are always crammed with things to do and sites to see. If I went for a whole month, I could almost feel like a real New Yorker. However, I obviously had too many responsibilities at home to even consider it.

Chapter 5 by Dana Busby



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I had had my eye on Craig for just such an occasion. Of course, he was in my art class. --A total idiot, so we weren't in any of the same core classes, but I had a weakness for clays. I loved molding something out of a shapeless lump. I had tried to maintain a friendly banter with Craig, knowing that he is the exact type of guy who would enrage my father. I loved my Dad, but ever since I began to suspect what he had become, I knew I needed to be prepared for anything.

I found my iPad and pulled up Craig on Facebook and sent him a message, "Hey Craig! I have missed seeing you at school. Want to meet at Norma's sometime?" Norma's is this greasy spoon that the hipsters go to. They wouldn't be caught dead in a Starbucks.

Craig responded right away, "Yo, Kate. I am down with meeting up at Norma's. I am there every morning around 10. See you tomorrow?"

Perfect.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



"Hey Dad?"

Dad was reclining in the living room, reading Nabokov.

"Yes, Katie?"

"I was thinking... do you want to grab brunch together tomorrow? Around ten?"

Dad smiled. "Sure, hon. Sounds good."

I smiled back and retired to my room. The next morning came quickly, and Dad and I were pulling into a parking spot in front of Norma's a good fifteen minutes early. Dad looked a bit critically at the few fixed gear bicycles (one with a bamboo-covered frame) sitting outside as we entered, but I knew this would only be the beginning of his agitation.

"How'd you come to pick this place, Katie?"

"Oh, it's just cheap, and close. And... See more of Story Wars ... maybe a bit healthier."

"Well, free-range is good." Login or Create new account "An egg you needs to have a legitimately healthy meal. I mean, alot of these places just jump on the bandwagon of what is

popular in the health-food industry to market themselves. Where do they source their produce?"

"Oh, come on, Dad. Relax!" I laughed. "The war's over. The bad guys won."

Dad shook his head and we were seated at a booth. We went ahead and ordered and I looked at my watch. Craig's entrance ought to be timed perfectly with the arrival of our food. And it was.

"Hey Kay-Nine!" quipped Craig, stepping up to our booth. "Oh, hi. I'm Craig." Craig produced a hand with clattering Buddhist prayer beads at the wrist in offer to my Dad.

Dad took a quick once-over of Craig in his bowtie, suspenders, and handlebar moustache. He took his hand firmly and allowed Craig to shake. As Craig sat down, he placed a dog-eared Penguin Classics copy of *Lolita* on the table.

"My god, ground level-ozone is bad this morning, isn't it?" quipped Craig. "AQI must be above 50 already."

I glanced over at my Dad. A vein had begun to bulge in his forehead.

Chapter 7 by Ian



Within a few seconds, Craig had somehow managed to arrange his narrow body and scant possessions so that he dominated the majority of the table, making Dad and I scrunch into a thin corner. He lifted his head, gave his thick eyebrows a sardonic wiggle and the waitress ambled over to take an order.

"Extra-hot-grande-double-shot-soya-milk-flat-white-with-cinnamon-no-chocolate"

No please, no thank-you, no eye contact, no intonation. Maybe Dad had a point. And *Lolita*? Really? Was he going out of his way to irritate?

"So Craig, what are you studying?", struggled Dad, politely, through a thin, red mist.

"Liberal arts stuff, ad, Eng Lit - all that." Dad said, looking up to tonight? There's a Sound of Music singalong at the movie theater. Look at you, transformed up to 11 - dress to impress!"

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If this was a movie, the guy playing Dad's vein would have his own mention on the poster by now. It looked like a furious purple caterpillar and was pulsing in time with the slight twitch that had started in his right hand.

Then I got it.

D'oh why am I such a slow-witted dimbo? Dad had always talked to me about science, even from when I was little. We had often talked about Darwin's natural selection, making jokey lists of things that shouldn't have any space in the ecosystem: wasps, Malaria, bedbugs, reality TV presenters... And remember that time we talked about the dinosaurs and how a big meteor impact had dramatically reset the world's population, making space for progress. If resources are finite and under pressure, something has to give. Surely it is better to pick nature's winners and losers proactively rather than leave it all to blind chance.

As my lunch arrived, I looked down at the thick slab of organic chicken with beets and quinoa and smiled broadly at the waitress. "Excuse me, miss: do you have a steak knife?"

Chapter 8 by intellikat



I had intended to remediate my father. He had instead converted me. Or perhaps it was that jackass Craig. Somehow the combination of all elements came together that morning at Norma's and I saw everything so clearly. It was that moment when one finds themselves the villain in the story they have written. The moment when one loses their religion. And other such metaphors.

The knife handle was hard in my tight fist, beneath my light windbreaker as we rounded the corner of Norma's.

"Why did you park your bike back here, Craig?" I asked.

"You **park** a Tesla, Kate. But you **prop** a bicycle. However..." Craig placed his hands on the grips of his ride. "This is not a bicycle. It is a recumbent. I built it myself at the community bike shed

from recycled parts. Pretty swift, right? He hooked a little yellow hook on the vehicle.

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I think my Dad had really had a lot of time to think about how to reply to the further details of our brunch conversation, which included the Ukraine, Occupy movements, Polaroid cameras, and no nail boots. It was truly impossible to follow what line of

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logic Craig did, and equally impossible to withstand the barrage of tomfoolery he relentlessly spewed. The aforementioned vein in Dad's head had actually submerged itself at some point and very likely traversed the passage to his trigger finger or other such useful place to take an active role in this conflict, like a farm boy volunteering at his local recruiting office for what would be Normandy.

"Craig," my Dad started.

"Yes?" said Craig, donning a bike helmet with attached side-view mirrors.

"I am going to... bury you... where I have buried all the other fucktards."

"Whaa--- sorry? What?"

And then I found my fist stopped by Craig's belly, with the knife blade full in. Craig's eyes went wide and he gasped in shock and confusion.

"Aw, Katie. Hon. Not the belly."

Dad was swift, even swifter than Craig's recumbent. A telescoping rod flicked out from his somewhere unseen and he struck Craig across the back of the head with one focused blow. Craig went down like stock in Malaysian Airlines, and I dropped to a knee to help Dad with the body.

"Into the recumbent," directed Dad, and we did so. Dad pointed toward a dirt path behind Norma's. "It crosses the ridge to the other side of route nine. Let's see how fast this baby goes downhill."

Being careful not to be seen, we wheeled Craig onto the path and into the wooded thicket. We made our way along the winding way until it opened up onto route nine, which was still fairly empty at this hour.

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intersections, shops, cars, trees, fences, everything wonderful and capable of mangling Craig's stylish corpse into a nearly unrecognizable fashion.

We didn't wait to witness the spectacle, but instead skipped like children back to Norma's, stifling laughter. When we reached the parking lot at Norma's, I had to take in a deep breath. I placed my hands on my knees, then looked up at my beaming father. In my best impression of Craig, I wheezed:

"I can has cheezburger?" which is what Craig had woefully issued at our waitress less than an hour before, and then launched into a defence on organic beef and how a well-made cheeseburger was actually a sumptuous meal.

Dad and I high fived, and headed for the car. It was a remarkable moment, and one I will always remember so clearly. The murders after Craig... numbers seven, eight, nine, and ten were all wonderful and magical in their own unique ways. And so I must tell you know, that though I am in some ways still in conflict over my father's and now my actions... surely you can understand, having heard my story firsthand? And perhaps you, too, will consider taking your part in this quest to cleanse the world of this filth called hipsters?

If so, you can find me at Norma's... every Saturday around 10am. Bring a copy of Lolita and drop it casually on my table. I'll be the one with a cup of coffee. Just plain old black coffee-- no bullshit added.

Hope to see you soon.

the end

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